

The Evening World

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AN EXPERT'S ADVICE.

Whatever may be thought of some of the phases of Thomas F. Byrnes's administration of the Police Department, he was at least a policeman who knew his business and a Chief who ruled his force.

His advice to the Committee of Nine, which he rightly insisted should be given to the public also, contained many good suggestions. He would have one Commissioner, to be appointed by the Governor and the Senate, to hold office for ten years or during good behavior, and to have and to exercise the absolute power of dismissal of all subordinates on sustained charges, now conferred by law but not used. He would have five deputies, to be appointed by the Commissioner from the force, with a division of power and duties among the boroughs. He would reorganize the Detective Bureau from the top down and from the bottom up, to have only honest and efficient men.

Mr. Byrnes believes that the first condition of reform is to free the force not merely from political but from "local influences"—meaning obviously both Tammany Hall and the Republican city machine. The next essential is also one long insisted upon by The World—A MAN at the head of the force.

"If a competent man was placed at the head of the force," said the ex-Superintendent, "the character of the whole department, as far as discipline is concerned, would improve 100 per cent. In twenty-four hours." And he said that he had a man in mind now "who could reorganize the whole force in twenty days if appointed Chief of Police."

The Committee of Nine may incubate a plan of police reform for many days without getting sounder advice than that given them by "Tom" Byrnes.

HALF-FARE FOR LITTLE PUPILS.

Assemblyman Wiegand wants half-fare tickets for school children on the New York traction lines. His bill to secure this very proper concession should require little argument beyond its own provisions to secure its passage.

The Evening World has repeatedly urged the pupils' half-fare arrangement. The only pity in the matter is the necessity of suggesting a law to force a provision which the traction companies might both gracefully and profitably make of their own motion, as the car lines in other cities have done.

TO STOP KILLING BABIES.

Although the Board of Health has been vigorous in its prosecutions of the retail dealers in adulterated milk, it should not stop there. It should use its utmost powers to reach the men who sell adulterated milk to the small dealer.

The Milk Trust stands ready, as one of its members said, "to furnish pure milk everywhere in Greater New York at a uniform price of 8 cents per quart." Of this 8 cents the farmer would get 2 3/4 cents, the railroads the 1/2 cent, and the Milk Trust 4 1/4 cents. The additional burden would fall not upon those well-to-do people who are paying 8 cents a quart now, but upon the great tenement-house population, who often have not enough pennies even to buy a whole quart of milk, but buy by the pint or the glass. The high death rate among infants in these localities shows where the bad milk does its fatal work.

If ever a trust had an opportunity to be beneficent, the Milk Trust has in its present opportunity to content itself with a profit of 1 3/4 cents in the tenement districts, and to save the lives of tens of thousands of poor children by giving them the same milk which it supplies to the children of the rich.

THE NEGLECT OF OUR PARKS.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment still refuses to make a special appropriation for the maintenance of the parks. Without such provision our parks will continue to suffer from neglect.

TWENTY-TWO of the large elms on the Mall in Central Park have died within the last two years. Other trees are dying in all the parks from starvation and lack of proper care. It takes but a few minutes to raise salaries or to satisfy local or interested clamor for more park space. But it takes a hundred years to grow such trees as are now dying from neglect in the parks we have.

It is the least satisfactory feature of Mayor McClellan's administration that he has turned the parks over to politicians and men without knowledge of their duties, and has failed to appropriate sufficient money to take proper care of these pleasure grounds of the people.

Mrs. Philip Carpenter, President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, says that "the ideal woman is the woman nobody knows." Wrong. There are plenty of ideal women, but fortunately men differ as to their ideals.

Why should a policeman know how to shoot, when he so rarely finds a burglar or a murderer to shoot at?

"Quick lunch finance" is the latest to attract attention in Wall street. It should be related naturally to "undigested securities."

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

Cannot, Unless Discharged.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
How can a girl secure her wages if she leaves before her month is up and her employer refuses to pay her?

P. A. T.
If a domestic servant, employed by the month, is discharged before the end of the month, her employer can be compelled to pay her the full month's wages. If, however, such servant leaves of her own accord before the month has expired, she cannot legally collect her wages at all for that month.

Bad Parcel-Room Service.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I hereby give my experience with a railroad parcel-room in a Jersey City depot. Calling for a value there at 6:40 I had to wait until the man in charge was summoned from his

change. Last night I left my value there and almost missed a train because the man in charge had not the change for a quarter. This morning at 6:30 o'clock I went to the parcel-room for a value and again found it locked. So I had to wait about fifteen minutes and again missed the boat. Now I would like to know why the men in charge of the baggage-room cannot have a key to the parcel-room and deliver parcels.

A. C. Rutherford, N. J.

How to Climb Stairs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
You New Yorkers don't know how to climb stairs. You climb all bunched up

and

and

and

and

and

and

Said on the Side.

LATEST pronouncement on diet, by Dr. Yorke Davies: "There is no question that meat is not only the food that furnishes muscular and nervous energy, but it is also the food that intensifies and increases the power of the passions that move the human race, and, therefore, if you want a man to be as mild as milk, as soft as soap and as slow as an ass the best diet to put him on is a vegetarian one." But if you require a man to be as much as will fight for his country, be active and vigorous in his work and the different duties of his life, he must be fed, not only on meat, but on meat in conjunction with a sufficient variety of other foods that tend to maintain the equilibrium." Next:

"Syndicate" Miller was luckier than the Long Islanders in getting the compensation he asked for.

"L" motorman who did not see the red lights may have been suffering from wardman's eyesight.

The talent which turned pink pigs loose in a St. Louis ballroom and imitated a bear operating a typewriter might find a field of larger usefulness at Newport.

The Lady—I'm sure you could get work if you would try.
The Lord—I don't bother try, ma'am. I kin git more work dan I wants after de judge tries me.

Clubwoman's statement that "all wives often feel like murder" helps to explain "why men do not marry."

"Mr. Halpin," said Senator Raines with emphasis, "will learn that he cannot open the saloons of New York City on Sunday and call them restaurants." Nothing, however, to prevent his opening a brothel and calling it a hotel.

Having announced that he is going to run his road "on a business basis," President of the Long Island immediately proceeds to contradict himself by raising rates and reducing the ferry service.

An inauguration without Vardaman will be pitifully like "Hamlet" with the clown left out.

Gov. Pennypacker may feel assured that there will be no cartoons of his refusal to save the murderers, Mrs. Edwards, from the gallows.

Short—Ge! Here comes my tailor.

Mrs. Short—Shall we walk across to the other side of the street?

Short—No; let's run across.

Claimed that "Chicago women know much more about automobiles than their New York sisters." But do they know as much about the proper cut of automobile coats and the correct style of goggles?

New Orleans has its first apartment-house. There are things in store for the Creole City undreamed of in its philosophy.

Chicago blacksmith who has gone into literature says he "thought for many years that to literary one must be able to fling together a lot of high-sounding words into rhetorical form." A course in current fiction may have put him wise.

It appears that Moscow owes her fire-engines to Troppoff, the Czar's man of blood and iron. West End Association might negotiate with him to advantage.

On a train carrying a dozen prisoners to the West Virginia penitentiary, a newspaper held toward one of the colored prisoners a periodical with the query, "Puck or Judge?"

"No, ash," responded the convict, "I had 'nuff Judge. He gave me two years."

She—That young lady makes a great deal of money, but she never has any attention from men.

He—It's probably her own fault. Why doesn't she let them know she's making it?—Detroit Free Press.

"Subway popular with the fair sex." Can the beautifying effect of the incandescent lights have anything to do with it?

Present phase of the San Domingo question seems to concern the time of the beginning of the count at Monte Cristi.

Writer in the Cornhill Magazine says that while looking over the storm-swept Pentland Firth, with its dangerous rocks and fierce currents, he remarked to the Orkney pilot: "This must be a great place for wrecks."

"Wracks, man," he shouted, "there's money a-braw farm in Orkney got out o' wrecks, but the Breelish Government has put a lee-hoos here, and a lee-hoos there, and yon," pointing to the double light-house on the Skerries, "yon's twa—there is no chance of wrecks for a full fisher body now."

Star college full-back dropped for failure to pass examinations. The game has fallen on degenerate days if a little matter like that is permitted to interfere with a player's eligibility. Perhaps the college president who asked, "Should college students study?" was really serious.

Mother (firmly to little daughter who is about to have a tooth drawn)—You, May, if you cry I'll never take you to a dentist's again!—London Tit-Bits.

The Sultan of Turkey has given an officer in his Zouave regiment the title of Effendi for learning to read and write. Old slave mammy of poverty-stricken grade in the New Haven High school would not swap her diploma for any old title.

"The beauty of the Englishwoman," says W. D. Howells, "is very, very great, not a beauty of coloring alone, but a beauty of feature which is able to be pathetic without being unkind; and as soon as American women say, they do not carry themselves well, it takes an American woman to see it." The ladies may ask Mr. Howells to explain that last sentence.

Mary Jane and Papa's Toothache.

Kickums and His Snow Man Sidetrack Her Sympathy, and Pop Suffers On.



Man's Ideal Woman

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



Nixola Greeley-Smith

"A MAN'S ideal woman," said Mrs. Phillip Carpenter at a club breakfast last week, "is always the one furthest back."

And she illustrated her point with the story of the husband of three wives, who after burying them all, eternally glorified the first. Nevertheless, her statement is directly at variance with the tradition of the ages, and, alas! the facts. For a man's ideal woman is always the one furthest in front. And though he marry as often as the many-wedded Hoch, she must still beckon from that unattainable region where ideals dwell.

But it is only very young men who expect to marry their ideals. Those who are older and wiser would run from the chance. For they know that it is all very well to dream of a perfect woman, but that living with one would be another matter.

Women soon learn to distrust the man with an ideal, for he looks for it just as often in the mire as in the clouds. And in their hearts they know that he might as well marry the first woman he meets in the search for all the chances he stands of discovering that mythical being.

Ultimately the idealist wakens to the harrowing realization that all women are alike or that he doesn't like those that are different. For, though he may discourse by the hour on the "stupidity" and "narrowness" and "sameness" of women—we have all heard him let him meet one who is the least bit less "narrow" or stupid and lo! she becomes forthwith "queer" and "unfeminine."

BELIEF.

She cannot make me think the moon is made of nothing but a little greenish cheese. But she can make me think sweet airs are played For her ears only by the wanton breeze.

She cannot make me think the smiling sun Moves westward from the east across our skies. Yet she can make me think there is but one On whom I ever shall cast longing eyes.

She cannot make me think the angry tide Would cease at her command to beat the shore; But she can make my breast expand with pride— She praises, and I doubt myself no more.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Something New.



When we spoke of Mrs. Chadwick, baby's mamma looked quite bored, and when we spoke of Russia, baby's mamma gently snored. "Oh, let us talk of bottled milk and baby's clothes and things!" Oh, let us talk of bottled milk and baby's clothes and things! Why bother about politics and things so dry and dead. When there's something interesting to talk about," she said.

Profanity Barred.



Profanity Barred.

"I suppose your father is glad that your sister has a beau? What did he say when he heard it was me?" "Ma would club me if I said it."

How It Tasted.



Bug—My, but this is cheap butter. I believe it's oleomargarine.

Little Willie's Guide to New York.

THE SUBWAY.

Once there was a very good man and he had there in no place in this hole sixty where the poor man can get drunk like a jolted donkey. I will bid him a nice boozium and I will bid him the subway tavern and he did so and in order to make the main appropriate he induced the sixty to bid a subway that would pass the door of his tavern so the sixty of New York sent for a man named mackdonnell and gave him forty million dollars and said to your duty and he did it and that's how the bluffs boozium justified its title of subway tavern. The subway is used by a lot of superstitious men who believe in alms, the express trains run to Harlem in fifteen minutes except when they heavy snows and when anybody is about they politely let the lovable tramps pass them. It is the fashion for New Yorkers to throw kix into the subway but when there is a blizzard and the other roads are tide up then people take the subway on the back and say Good old subway and the next day they swear at it for going so slow. The air in the subway is as pure as the air in your own home which is probably the reason so few men ever go home until all the other places are closed.

A. P. TERHUNA

Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

...By Roy L. McCardell.



Roy L. McCardell

"I'VE a dreadful cold," Mrs. Nagg, of course, I know I can expect no sympathy from you. You wouldn't care if I was dying. If it was any one else but me you would be all sympathy. Because I never complain or tell you how I feel you imagine I am well and strong. I look it, you say? Oh, Mr. Nagg, that is all you care. You think because you pay house rent for me and give me a few dollars to scribble on that is all I need. What a woman needs most is sympathy. Give me lots of money and sympathy and I would be the happiest woman in the world. But I get neither. I sit in this house all day long and never see a soul. You pretend to have a lot of friends, but I notice they only care for you when you have money to spend on them outside this house. I am wrong, you say? Well, it is very queer that none of your friends call to see you. Why doesn't Col. Wilkins call any more? Ah, now that he has made a lot of money in Wall street he gives you the go by!

"That man has some scheme he wants to get you into, and I know it! But remember, I warned you against him. I warned you against all your friends. I do not like them and I will not permit them to come to this house and make a tavern of it. It is very strange that you have no use for my friends. I am supposed to put myself out for your friends. I am supposed to sit still and say nothing while you entertain gamblers like Col. Wilkins. He isn't a gambler, you say? Don't tell me that, Mr. Nagg; don't tell me that! He is no sooner in this house than he banters you to play whist. He generally beats you at it, too. Oh, I know you do not wager anything

while I am present, but how do I know but what you pay him thousands of dollars for losing to him when you meet him afterward? That is why I don't like him to come to this house and that is why I show it. Oh, yes, he sends nice presents to me and flowers, but I can see through his little game. I don't thank him, and I don't like him and he knows it.

"Why can't you be friends with Mr. Ladyfinger? Mr. Ladyfinger designs all his wife's dresses and he can go downtown and match shades and know how to pick up bargains in lace better than his wife does. Mrs. Ladyfinger's mother gives him an allowance and he is always dressed in the height of fashion. You do not like Mr. Dubb or Mr. Smir, either. That is because they are genteel and refined. If I detested your friends, if I could not conceal my scorn for them, you would raise a pretty row.

"Why is it that married men always have a lot of men friends who are no earthly good?" "Oh, well, never mind! I never interfere with what you do or who you go with, but instead of going with such people it would be far better for you if you joined Brother Willie's club, the Jolly Fallbearers, and meet some nice people!"

Pa's Reform.



Pa's Reform.

SINCE NEW-YEARS PA'S TEMPERANCE

IT'S GIVEN ME A PAIN

TO HEAR HIM TALK ABOUT IT

HES GOT WATER ON THE BRAIN

The "Fudge" Idiotorial

Our Pocket Is Picked.

(Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

Uxtry! Uxtry!! Uxtry!!!

OUR POCKET has been PICKED!

Last night, just as we had blown out the gas monopoly and before we could rub up the radium in the Fudge our "Little" Mayor SNEAKED UP in the dark and ABSTRACTED \$56,000 from our clothes.

The LOSS of a single week's salary does not annoy us. It is the motive that stings.

Our "Little" Mayor was trying to MORTGAGE us to his party. He does not know, apparently, that we are ALREADY MORTGAGED to ANOTHER PARTY.

He ought to know how hard it is to work a second mortgage on one PLANT.

We warn him to look out!

We warn him to count the change and see if it is correct!

WE WARN HIM further that we are all right until fall. Perhaps THEN things will be different. Perhaps if he listens he can then HEAR us sing with old Omar:

"Pray then recall with what a gay carouse We placed a second mortgage on our house."